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Blackened and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone,
On the charred fragments of her shattered throne
Lies she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West! by some enchanter taught
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
Then lose the spell that all that wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies by some chance seed sown,
Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,
Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading call
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul—
The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she feel
The silver cup hid in the proffered meal—
The gifts her kinship and our loves reveal.

BRET HARTE.

The Vocal Works of Bach and Handel.—Letter by Robert Franz.

(Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.)

(Continued from page 119.)

In this condemnatory criticism of my labors, from the historico-archæological point of view, the editor of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* seems to have felt called upon to take the lead, and in a style of speech to lead one to believe that he was acting under a high and absolute authority. Particularly did he keep a sharp eye on the singing societies which gave public performances of Handel's vocal music. But his requirements were by no means limited to a faithful reproduction of the originals; with equal energy he would insist upon the historical material of accompaniment; and any one was sure to find especial favor who kept as close as possible to the scores as published by the "German Handel Society," of which the editorship is known to be identical with that of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.

The so-called "*Bearbeitungen*" (elaborations), on the contrary, never enjoyed the good will of the *Allg. Mus. Zeitung* at all. A direct attack on Mozart seemed indeed, for obvious reasons, inopportune, although the piano accompaniment in the "German Handel Society's" edition of the *Alexander's Feast* contains an indirect criticism at least, on Mozart's setting; Mendelssohn is less delicately handled, while the remaining obscure lights are thrown overboard without ceremony. Thus our reviewer, a short time ago, on the occasion of a performance of Handel's "*L'Allegro*" in the Vienna Singakademie, expressed himself as follows:

"It is to be hoped that the Society will stick hereafter to the original orchestral accompaniment, to the exclusion of the wretched modern *Bearbeitungen*, this being the only guaranty of the complete effect. What would it be but barbarous want of taste, to paint old pictures over

*What may the word "modern" mean here? Are the arrangements by Mozart and Mosel excluded under the same ban?

new? And is it not precisely the same thing in music?"

To the last question we answer No, decidedly. It is by no means the same thing to paint over a finished picture, and to fill out, according to the composer's hints, the blanks left open by him in a musical composition. Why waste another word upon it? Yet I feel bound to make a few remarks in answer to the pertinacious strictures above cited, since they probably are aimed also at my own *Bearbeitungen* (perhaps directly at my score of "*L'Allegro*," according to which it had just been performed at Berlin, against which misfortune Vienna was to be protected.) My remarks do not purport to be in any way an *oratio pro domo*; they only aim to establish the fact that, even were obedience paid to the paternal warnings of the *Allgemeine Mus. Zeitung*, the apparatus for performances of Handel's larger vocal works is not at hand in these days; to be sure, one might attempt to get along without the coöperation of the cembalo and of the organ, or run the risk of an improvisation, good or bad as the moment might bring.—If I might only succeed in justifying in some measure the "*modern Bearbeitungen*," which have been so contemptuously treated, and in protecting them against the attacks of the *Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, I should rejoice for the sake of the cause itself.

This might be effectually done, for example, by adducing proof, that the authors of the piano accompaniments and organ parts in the editions of the "*Deutsche Händelgesellschaft*" do nothing else themselves but "paint Handel over" (*überpinseln*) by their *Bearbeitungen*. But the justification can be best reached, perhaps, through a careful examination of the mode of setting which they generally use.

The first point requires but few words. The "German Handel Society" edits not only the originals, but also an accompaniment by a strange hand, throughout for the piano, partly for the organ, evidently designed and carried out for practical ends. Now such a proceeding, often necessitating a personal decision between this or that form of expression, falls under the same category with what is designated by the word "*Bearbeitung*"—at least so far as it conscientiously respects the originals and is not guilty of groundless alterations and perversions of the same. Therefore the natural consequence of the above assertions of the *Zeitung* would be this: Any working out of the accompaniment, when it requires the intervention of a second or third person drawing on his own resources, shows a "barbarous want of taste;" of course the piano accompaniments and organ parts of the "German Handel Society" are subject to the same condemnation; they too commit this "barbarous" offence against good taste, of "painting over" older works of art with their additions.

About the second point, about the artistic worth of those elaborated accompaniments, I must be very brief, and barely mention the most general considerations; were I to do as I wish, and enter

into a positive as well as a negative criticism, my letter would easily swell to a folio volume.

As I have already said, the first thing to be considered in the restoration of the accompaniment is, to find a mode of setting which, always sparing the material handed down to us, shall correspond, in form and matter, to the intentions of the author—in this case of Handel. It cannot be often enough, nor emphatically enough said, that it is just as much within the power of such a setting to heighten and embellish the original, as it is to weaken and disfigure it. In the one case, by apt redintegrations, it will bring out the vital sense and force of that which is merely indicated; in the other, it effaces the most significant outlines, by misplacing them amid surroundings which stand in direct contradiction to their essential purport. Here, whatever does not sound as if it all came out of one mould, must be submitted to a series of experiments until that result is actually reached:—and this is always possible.—The instrumental material to be used for these what we have termed apt redintegrations, whether it be organ, pianoforte or orchestra, is of secondary consequence; the choice thereof may be fitly left to the taste and insight of the director.

(To be Continued.)

Nilsson in Opera.

(From "Every Saturday.")

Mlle. Christina Nilsson has made her operatic debut in Boston and has already appeared as *Marguerite* in "Faust," as *Lucia* in Donizetti's familiar opera, and as *Lady Henrietta* in "Martha." The high expectations which were grounded upon her performances in the concert-room last year have not been disappointed. Nilsson is a great singer, with a voice of wonderful sweetness and beauty, and the most thorough skill in vocalization; but she is first and foremost a dramatic artist of the finest intuitions, the most magnetic presence, and the rarest expressive power. And aside from these traits, there is a refinement, a completeness, and an imaginative quality in Nilsson's acting which is altogether unique.

Her *Marguerite* and her *Lucia* impress a sensitive mind like lovely poetic visions, so "moving-delicate and full of life" that no particle of common clay seem to have entered into their composition. Of the two the *Lucia* is the more conspicuously brilliant and easy of appreciation, but the *Marguerite* is the subtler and more exquisite. In the latter, conception and performance flow together with perfect accord and harmony; the character is conceived with absolute thoroughness, and there is neither hesitation, weakness, nor uncertainty in the carrying out of the artist's idea. This *Marguerite* is an absolute entity,—a dramatic creation, self-centred, self-consistent, and true to nature, yet in the highest sense ideal and imaginative. Its foremost claim to the admiration and appreciation of those who witness it is yet, however, the surest cause of its failing to impress the multitude. Perfect proportion in a work of art requires a higher form of cultivation for its just recognition than most of us can lay claim to. Caricature, therefore, pleases thousands where true and accurate drawing counts its lovers only by scores: witness the success attained by the satirical prints in the illustrated papers. Where every part is in its just relation to every other, where not a single tint is crude or obtrusive, and not a line deviates from

its proper curve, the mind is wont to sympathize with the eyes and to depreciate the beauty which does not assert itself by contrast with what is weak and faulty. Nilsson's *Marguerite* is such a work of art as this, and bears about the same relation to ordinary impersonations that the *Venus de Medicis* bears to one of Mr. Nast's cartoons. In the first three acts it is quiet, simple, full of maidenly reserve and modesty, and intense with the intensity of a deep-natured young girl who is restrained from the full expression of her feelings by every instinct of her better nature and every rule of her daily life. In the love duets in the third act, therefore, there is none of that wild and sensual abandonment of manner which in other actresses has been wont to excite the spectators to the highest pitch, but instead of this, a delicacy and a purity which never succumb to the seductions of the situation, but through which can be discerned the terrible yearning and hunger of a love which fears, without understanding itself. And this very forbearance of style makes the final surrender a thousand times more impressive than is usual. The ruin of *Marguerite*—as would be inevitable, if it were to be at all, with such a true and beautiful soul—is accomplished in one wild, unlooked-for rush of sudden emotion caused by the unexpected return of her lover; and this Mlle. Nilsson makes us feel and perceive. In witnessing the other performances which have been given of the scene, it has always been impossible to perceive why *Marguerite* did not yield in the very beginning of the scene.

Lucia is, as we have said, a simpler character than the heroine of Goethe's great drama. A true impersonation of the character demands, however, the utmost refinement of style, with capacity for the intensest forms of dramatic expression. And the picture which Mlle. Nilsson gives of the tender, gentle girl in the pensive, anxious joy of her first love, and in the despair and misery of her darkened life, is one over which painters and poets might go wild with enthusiasm. It seemed in witnessing the performance as if the fair Bride of Lammermoor herself had stepped out from the pages of Scott's masterpiece in fiction and were speaking and breathing before us; and the fancy, charmed and enthralled, forgot for a moment the poor limitations of time and space, and lived and revelled in that enchanted land of romance which is illumined by a "light that never was on sea or land." For such pictures as these, and to the artist who can create or reproduce them, who can withhold the tribute of his high appreciation and gratitude?

Cipriani Potter.

Last week died a musician whose name and works few of the present generation are acquainted with, but who nevertheless has, through his connection with the Royal Academy of Music, exercised a considerable influence on the art in England. Mr. Cipriani Potter, whose death we chronicle, was born in London in 1792, and gave early indications of possessing singular musical ability. He was placed for tuition under Attwood, the organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, and afterwards he received instructions from Calcott and Crotch for the piano and harmony, and finally from the celebrated pianist Woelfl. He subsequently proceeded to Germany, where he studied for some time. At Vienna he enjoyed the advantage of Beethoven's friendship; the great Tone-poet gave him valuable advice and assistance, but not lessons, as has been erroneously stated. Beethoven had but one pupil, the well-known F. Ries. On returning to England he at once took a high position, and obtained plenty of teaching, occasionally publishing his compositions. In the concert-room, his clear, brilliant playing, founded on the model of his master, Woelfl, and improved by a keen observation and good taste, met with the success and approval it well deserved. For a long time Mr. Potter was a conductor of the old Philharmonic Society's concerts, where he distinguished himself for his thorough knowledge of the works and how to perform them. On the resignation of Dr. Crotch, he became Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and in this position, by the influence of his teaching and advice, he may be said to have moulded the ideas of many of our foremost musicians who were educated at that establishment. He was greatly beloved by his pupils for his universal kindness, and by his management of the Academy

he greatly contributed to the success of our national institution. After presiding there for a period of twenty years he resigned the appointment, and almost retired from the profession. The late Mr. Charles Lucas, his pupil, succeeded his master as head of the Academy.

Mr. Potter's works consist of orchestral symphonies, overtures, quintets, quartets and trios; and also sonatas, rondos, and other pieces for his own special instrument, the piano. One of his best compositions is a Sextet for the piano and strings, dedicated to the Count of Brunswick; the *Allegro Pastorale* from this and the *Andante* (Theme with variations) are very fine. A Rondo in F, dedicated to Mdlle. Kisting, is a brilliant composition, and well worthy of the pianist's attention. An Introduction and Rondo in E flat, for four hands, is also good; but perhaps his best known and most important work is Op. 22, viz.: "54 Preludes in all the major and minor keys." Among these studies will be found some admirable pieces; many of them contain enough material (if developed) to make a modern "Fantasia;" some are especially remarkable for their fine harmony and masterly preludial treatment. The death of Mr. Cipriani Potter is the breaking of another link which connects us with the great pianists who have gone—long may their classical, tasteful works keep their memory green! And though the modern firework element is perhaps wanting in their compositions, we venture to predict that Clementi, Dussek, Steibelt, Kalkbrenner, Woelfl, Cramer, and others of that school, will be esteemed when many popular writers of the present day are entirely forgotten.

The deceased musician was buried at Kensal Green on Monday last. Among those gentlemen who attended to pay this last mark of respect to the memory of their old friend, we noted Sir W. S. Bennett; Messrs. R. Barnett, J. S. Bowley, Lamborn Cock, Duncan Davison, F. Davison, J. W. Davison, W. Dorrell, H. R. Evers, G. Forbes, J. Gill, W. Goodwin, G. W. Hammond, T. Harper, Henry Holmes, F. B. Jewson, Arthur O'Leary, J. Lidel, Stanley Lucas, H. C. Lunn, G. A. Macfarren, W. C. Macfarren, T. M. Madie, C. Oberthur, E. Pauer, H. Regaldi, A. Schlosser, Dr. Steggall, Messrs. C. E. Stephens, S. G. Stephens, J. Thomas, F. Westlake, &c., &c.—*Lon. Mus. Standard*, Oct. 7.

Rubini.

(From *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1854.)

Rubini, one of the most popular and admired Italian singers in Europe, died at a village near Bergamo, on the 2nd March, 1854. He had retired from the stage in 1845, and was reposing after his long fatigues in a sumptuous villa, which he had built with the sounds of his lyre—as Amphion, son of Jupiter, did Thebes—when death overtook him, just as he had attained his 61st year. Like all great artists who have excited public enthusiasm, in a high degree, Rubini was the subject of a vast number of stories and apocryphal anecdotes, from which it is very difficult to cull the truth, alone worthy to interest cultivated minds. We will, however, attempt to select a few genuine facts from the life of this celebrated virtuoso, who has left behind him an ineffaceable mark in the art of singing of the nineteenth century.

Giam-Battista Rubini was born in May, 1793, in the village of Romano, near Bergamo. The son of a poor *commissaire*, barthened with a family, Rubini was at first destined to be a tailor. Having been apprenticed to the proprietor of a shop at Bergamo, he was squatted one day upon his board, singing away as merrily as possible, when a *dilettante*, passing by, stopped and listened with astonishment to the youthful voice which was already so full of quality and charm. The *dilettante* approached the young workman, interrogated him as to his family, proceeded to his father, and persuaded the latter to place his son under a master, with whom he stopped until the age of eighteen.

We pass over a multitude of episodes, more or less probable and exciting, and which appear to have allowed full scope for the fancy of biographers, and content ourselves by simply stating that the admirable artist who astonished all Europe began his dramatic career in the chorus. In an old bill of the theatre of La Scala, at Milan, dated 1812, and which Rubini preserved, splendidly framed, his name figures among the second tenors of the chorus. His salary was then 1s. 8d. a-night. How could he ever think he would one day leave behind him a fortune of more than 3,000,000 francs? Two years subsequent to this obscure employment at La Scala, Rubini was engaged in one of those companies of strolling vocalists so plentiful in Italy, and made his debut as Argirio, in Rossini's *Tancredi*, which had just been represented at Venice with immense success. Rubini was then twenty-one, while the lady who sang the

part of Amenaïda, daughter of Argirio, King of Syracuse, was, at least, fifty. As Fortune did not reward the efforts of the *impresario*, he conceived the strange idea of changing his company of singers into a company of dancers. He made them study, as well as they could, a ballet then very much in vogue: *I Molinari* (*The Millers*). The rehearsals were held in a meadow on the skirts of a wood. At the representation, which came off at some little town, the name of which is not preserved in history, the audience rose en masse against the wretched extemporized *ballo*, who were under the necessity of passing the night in the theatre in order to escape being stoned. Rubini used to take a pleasure in relating this burlesque episode in his brilliant career.

After some other attempts, more or less successful, Rubini was engaged at Brescia for the Carnival of the year 1815. Owing to his success in this tolerably important city, he was summoned to the San-Mosè Theatre at Venice, and, afterwards, to Naples, where he made his first appearance at the Teatro de' Fiorentini. It was in this great city that Rubini, under the direction of his compatriot Nozzari, who gave him such good advice, attracted the attention of Italy, and saw the beginning of his great fame. Having been engaged by Barbaja for a great number of years, he was compelled to remain for a long time under the guardianship of that mercenary trader, who only lent him to the cities desirous of possessing him, for good hard cash paid down. It was thus that, after having been successively in Palermo, and Rome, where he created a *furor* in *La Gazza Ladra*, Rubini proceeded to Venice, in 1824. Beethoven, who heard him at that period, had Italian words written for him to his admirable elegy of *Adelaide*, which Rubini rendered popular throughout Europe.*

It was in 1825 that this great singer went to Paris for the first time. He made his debut at the Théâtre-Italien, on the 6th of October, in the character of Ramiro in *La Cenerentola*, with immense success. On his return to Italy, whither Barbaja had recalled him, he was obliged to remain there until 1831, when he entirely recovered his independence. Upon this he returned to Paris, which he did not leave again before 1842, alternating between that capital and London, where he used to sing during the summer season. In 1842, Rubini, then at the summit of his glory, quitted Paris and London, and, as we should say at the present time, the western world, for the purpose of proceeding to St. Petersburg, where he remained until 1845. Being then fifty-seven years old, and loaded with honors and riches, he retired to the magnificent villa he had built on the spot where he was born, and it was there that he died, leaving behind him a fortune of more than 3,000,000 francs.

Rubini was a simple-minded, gentle, and good man, whose modest general education scarcely rose above the first elements; his musical education was not more advanced, for he required the assistance of an accompanist to read the most trifling *canzonetta*. Endowed with exquisite sensitiveness, a great memory, and that marvellous instinct which makes up for the want of acquired knowledge, but which acquired knowledge can never replace, Rubini was one of the most admirable singers of our time; a mixture of the improviser and the patient imitator, whose physiognomy it is very important that we should catch with accuracy.

The tenors who have acquired sufficient celebrity to leave behind them a name in history, are not very numerous. Before the birth of the lyric drama, and until the end of the seventeenth century, it was the "sopranos" and *prime donne* who exercised almost undisputed sway in Italian opera, as well as in the chapels of princes and religious communities. Composers did not begin to write for tenor voices until more recently; and the first person to signalize himself as a tenor of merit was an artist named Buzzolini, who was chamber-singer to the Duke of Mantua, about the end of the seventeenth century. In the following century, we find the tenors beginning to figure with advantage beside the most famous "sopranos," while composers assigned them pretty important parts, particularly in *buffa* operas. Among the celebrated tenors of the eighteenth century, we may mention Etti, who was long in the service of the Prince-Palatine, and sang at Padua, in 1770, with great success; Balino, a pupil of Pastocchi, and who died at Lisbon, in 1760; Rauzzini, at the same period, a celebrated singer and composer, who died at Bath, in England, in 1810; Raff, born at Gelsdorff, in the Duchy of Juliers, a pupil of Pistocchi, and the greatest singer Germany produced in the eighteenth century; Davide senior, who possessed one of the most astonishing voices that ever existed, an admirable and powerful singer, who shared with his contemporary, Ansani, the admiration of Italy; Mandini, an exquisite singer, belonging to the Italian company

*In 1824 poor Beethoven was stone deaf.

which came to the Théâtre de Monsieur at Paris, in 1789; Viganoni, who created the part of Paolino, in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*; Crivelli, who sang a long time at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, and in Paolino's *Pirola* and *Nina* produced an effect which veteran amateurs still remember; and, lastly, Babbini, one of the most delicious tenors of the old Italian school, and who had the honor of giving Rossini some hints on the art of singing. The appearance of this illustrious master produced a great revolution in the economy of dramatic music. The characterizing feature of this revolution was that the natural voices of *soprano*, *mezzo-soprano*, *contralto*, *tenor*, and *bass*, assumed in harmony the place they occupy in the scale of sound. Thanks to this happy reform, which, however, was more the result of necessity than a voluntary act of the master, and which, too, had been attempted before Rossini's time, first by Mozart, and then by Cimarosa and Paisiello, the tenors replaced the castratos in the mind of the composer, who assigned them the preponderating part in almost all his works.

Among the remarkable tenors conjured up by the genius of Rossini, and forming a part of the escort of *virtuosi* who interpreted his works and will be handed down with them in History, we must first mention Garvia, who created the part of Count Almaviva in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*—a consummate artist, whose powerful and supple voice knew no difficulty. Davide, the illegitimate son of the great tenor of the end of the eighteenth century, whom we have mentioned above, was a singer of genius, for whom Rossini composed a great many works. He appeared successively in *Il Turco in Italia*, *Otello*, *Riccardo e Zoraida*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Zelmira*, etc. When Davide junior went to Paris in 1829, his voice, fatigued by excesses of every description, had become unequal and capricious in tone. In the midst of many traits in rather bad taste, and ridiculous mannerisms and *vezzi*, this great artist sometimes, however, manifested himself and transported the public with admiration, as, for instance, in the duet of the second act of *La Gazza Ladra*, which he used to sing with Mad. Malibran. Nozzari, an accomplished singer, of perfect good taste, was, in Rossini's operas, the inseparable companion of Davide, to whom he gave some excellent advice. Nor must we forget Mombelli, the father of the *prima donna* whom we heard at Paris, in 1823, when she made so grand an effect in the first *finale* of *La Cenerentola*. Rossini met Mombelli, at the commencement of his career, at Rome, in 1812, and wrote a character for him in his first opera, *Demetrio e Polibio*. We must likewise mention Bianchi, Bonaldi, and Serafino, for the last of whom was composed the tenor part in *L'Italiana in Algeri*; Donzelli, who possessed a powerful and sonorous but cumbersome voice, and, lastly, Rubini, for whom Rossini wrote only a single *cantata*, "*La Riconoscenza*," a sort of pastoral for four voices, performed at the Teatro San Carlo, at Naples, on the 27th December, 1821, for the benefit of the immortal *maestro*. Although, by the suppleness, brilliancy, and *bravura* style of his talent, Rubini evidently belongs to the school of singers formed by the author of *Il Barbiere*, *Otello*, and *Semiramide*, it is certain that the composer who understood best how to utilize and bring out his inmost qualities was Bellini.

As we have very often said, between the dramatic composer and the known interpreters of his thoughts, there exists a secret and reciprocal influence, which the critic ought to take into account. For one or two sublime musicians, who, like Mozart, and Rossini, in the best of his operas, know how to "create" *chefs-d'œuvre* without going beyond the limits of ordinary voices, there are a great number of composers eager to seize on the smallest natural idiosyncrasy, and mould their ideas to the requirements of exceptional voices. Nowhere has this pernicious system been practised more than in Italy. In France, too, half the *répertoire* of the Opéra-Comique owed a part of its success to Martin's extraordinary voice. Between the touching and melancholy genius of Bellini, and the penetrating organ and deep feeling of Rubini, the points of analogy were so numerous and so natural, that the two must have felt attracted to each other, like pairs of one and the same being which meet again after having been separated, and bend to each other in some one conception of art. It was at Milan, in 1827, that the lucky meeting of the composer and the *virtuoso* took place, and the opera, *Il Pirata*, represented at the theatre of La Scala, was the first battle they gained together. This opera, which laid the foundations for the fame of the young *maestro* of Catania, increased, also, the reputation of his admirable interpreter. *La Sonnambula* was the second opera Bellini composed for his favorite singer. This was also represented at Milan, at the theatre De la Canobbiana in 1831. Then came *I Puritani*, performed in 1834, at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, where Bellini died six months after the production of his master-

piece, like Hérold after that of his *Pré aux Clercs*. Donizetti, too, composed for Rubini the part of Percy, in his opera of *Anna Bolena*, represented at Milan in 1831, a short time after *La Sonnambula*, and by the same *virtuosi*.

Rubini's voice was that of a high tenor, with a register of more than two octaves from the lower E to the F in alt, which he reached in certain passages by an heroic *salto* that always excited the admiration of the audience. The flexibility of his voice was prodigious, but its quality was not homogeneous. In fact, it was only in the upper part of the scale, beginning from the E between the fourth and fifth lines of the staff, that Rubini's voice warmed, vibrated, and threw out sounds that intoxicated the ear. He was able to go as high as B in alt, giving each sound that powerful and manly vibration, designated in the schools by the name of *chest notes*, because the notes appear actually to proceed from the seat of life. On reaching this extreme limit, his voice melted into a luminous *falsetto*, forming a magic contrast with the preceding chords. This abrupt opposition of shade and light, in which the opaque and sweet clearness of the *head notes* caused the vigorous sonority of the natural tones to stand out in bold relief, was one of the effects most frequently employed by Rubini. The astonished ear followed the singer, in his triumphal ascent, to the highest limit of the tenor register, without perceiving any interruption of continuity in this long spiral of notes, variously lighted up, and glittering upon an even and substantial melodic tissue.

To this almost inherent power of passing, without a break, from the register of the chest voice to that of the head notes, Rubini added another no less important—namely, a long respiration, the force of which he had learned to economize. Gifted with a broad chest, where his lungs could dilate at their ease, he took a high note, filled it successively with light and warmth, and, when it was completely expanded, threw it forward into the house, where it burst like a Bengal rocket in a thousand colors. This artifice, the effect of which was irresistible, was borrowed by Rubini from the old Italian school, where it was frequently employed, especially by the male *soprani*, who were particularly endowed with a long breath.

Rubini's voice, the delicious and penetrating tones of which had only to be heard to charm the hearer, was, as we have said, prodigiously flexible. Simple and double scales, *arpeggios*, trills taken upon the highest chords, *gruppetti*, *appoggiature*, and the richest and most ingenious combinations of vocalization, were accomplished with a boldness and rapidity which scarcely gave the astonished ear time enough to appreciate their difficulty. The texture of these marvellous *gorgheggi*, or to adopt the term still used in the schools, the *tessitura* of this sparkling vocalization, was not always irreproachable in quality, and often wanted substance. The notes were poured forth too quickly, and crowded too much upon one another, so that the singer was not always able, like an intrepid cavalier who reins in his steed with an all-powerful hand, to moderate his flight or stop in his career. In addition to this, a faulty movement of the lips, which Rubini was never able to correct, showed a certain degree of effort, and proved pretty clearly that the *virtuoso* had been educated in rather a hap-hazard kind of manner. This defect, extremely common at the present day, and which M. Mario has eagerly exaggerated, like a scholar who at first imitates only the imperfections of his master, was strictly prohibited in the old Italian school. The singer's face was then not allowed to express anything but the sentiment he experienced, and the mysteries of vocalization and mechanism remained forever hidden from the eyes of the public; a grand rule for every branch of art, but one too much disregarded at the present day.

(Conclusion next time.)

Mrs. Moulton's First Concert.

(From the New York Tribune, Oct. 17.)

The reception of Mrs. Moulton last night at Steinway Hall was one of the brilliant events of the season. It was not a mere gathering of the connoisseurs and curious people to hear a singer with whose praises society has rung for three or four years, but an assemblage of our best known ladies and gentlemen to extend a friendly welcome to an admired countrywoman at the outset of her new career. Full dress prevailed and beauty sparkled all over the house. So profuse were the offerings of baskets and bouquets that before the end of the evening the stage looked like a bed of flowers. The enthusiasm with which Mrs. Moulton was courted in the gay and fashionable circles of imperial Paris is a matter of such fame that there can be no impertinence in alluding to it here, nor will it be deemed improper to remark that an equally unmistakable social success seems to have

been prepared for her in America. Indeed if she were only an ordinary parlor singer, she has prestige enough to pass for a musical phenomenon in any city of the United States where people catch the gossip of the French capital, and know how highly this fair lady has been honored, not only in the court of the fallen empire, but by the great masters of art, whose praise is an artist's best reward. But Mrs. Moulton is by no means an ordinary singer. The extravagant encomiums which have been lavished upon her in advance are certainly overstrained; yet, after making a liberal deduction for the enthusiasm of her admirers, we can still accept a great deal of what has been said as simple truth. The quality of her voice, to begin with, has not been praised too highly. We have sometimes thought that we are beginning to develop in America a certain character of soprano as distinct from the voices of other nations as the rich and sensuous Italian is distinct from the graceful French, the earnest German, or the rare voice of the far North. Our women have the sweet tones of the most favored of their foreign sisters, with less warmth than one race and less force than another; but they have a beauty of song all their own, graceful, bird like, and most exquisitely tender. Mrs. Moulton's is an American voice, enriched with certain gifts that are entirely exceptional. It reminds one a little of Miss Kellogg's, though it is fuller than hers in the lower register—being not a soprano but a mezzo-soprano—and a trifle less clear in the upper; but it has a more remarkable vibratory character than any other organ of its class which we can now call to mind. This valuable quality gives it great power of expression, and makes it brilliant at the same time that it is rich and sweet. We can believe the story of Mrs. Moulton's anonymous and somewhat exalted biographer, that Rossini compared it to the voice which sang to him in imagination while he was composing; for under favorable circumstances the effect of such a voice is unrivaled. It is not remarkable for strength or compass, and hence anxious friends have doubted whether the lady who fascinated the salon would be able to satisfy the severer exactions of the concert room. She has vocal power enough, however, to be heard in any hall or theatre that we know of, and if her present venture do not succeed there will be some other reason for it than want of voice.

Mrs. Moulton's first song last night was the "*Bel Raggio*," from "*Semiramide*." It charmed everybody. Nothing could have been more thoroughly musical than her execution of the florid embellishments with which Rossini has loaded this aria. Almost all public performers go through it like an exercise. Mrs. Moulton knows how to give it as a song. She took the difficult runs with delightful ease, accuracy, and self-possession, and displayed a *mezza voce* of rare beauty and clearness. In the opening measures of the Bach-Gounod "*Ave Maria*," she gave evidence of deep sentiment, but she missed the climax of passion to which the prayer ought to rise. Indeed it was plain before the close of the evening that either from lack of bodily strength or from lack of art she was unable to sustain herself in the high position she had taken at the beginning. The "*Ave Maria*," for instance, was rather tame; the duet afterwards with Ronconi from the "*Elisir d'Amore*" was weak and fitful; and the cavatina from "*Botly*" can only be described as moderately effective. In the last two of these, and in the little songs which she gave as encores, there was a perceptible flagging which several times degenerated into blunders. Every allowance must be made, of course, for the nervousness of a first night; but we are inclined to believe that Mrs. Moulton so often loses command of her voice because her training has been nice rather than severe. She seems to be deficient also in the dramatic power which is necessary for an effective singer on the public stage.

(From the N. Y. Times, Oct. 17.)

***** There is about Mrs. Moulton a strong fascination, which is felt before she opens her lips at all, and which afterward is hardly to be resisted.

Perhaps this implies that Mrs. Moulton owes more to personal magnetism and less to the mastery of her art than we mean to convey; and perhaps suspicion regarding the stress of the former might well at first warp the judgment of practical observers. We hasten, therefore, to say that without any such magnetism at all, Mrs. Moulton might be a fine, even if a much less sympathetic artist; and that we have never seen any first appearance whatever so curiously free from the characteristic blemishes of such occasions. The lady came upon the stage with that simple grace which commonly takes so long to acquire, and, with the faintest, evanescent sign of timidity, sang at once as if she had been used to face crowds in a vast hall for years. As the programme of this interesting

occasion has appeared in none of the advertisements, we place it on record:

- PART I.
- Overture, "Semiramide".....Rossini
The Orchestra.
1. Largo al Factotum, "Barbiero".....Rossini
Signor Ronconi.
2. Fantasia, "Martha".....Sarasate
Signor Sarasate.
3. Bel Raggio, "Semiramide".....Rossini
Mrs. Charles Moulton.
4. Romanza, "Faust".....Gounod
Signor Leon.
5. Ave Maria with violin obligato.....Gounod
Mrs. Charles Moulton.
- PART II.
- Overture, "Gazza Ladra".....Rossini
The Orchestra.
6. Connais-tu le Pays, "Mignon".....Thomas
Miss Palmer.
7. Duo, "Elixir d'Amore".....Donizetti
Mrs. Charles Moulton and Signor Ronconi.
8. Andante and Finale, Concerto.....Mendelssohn
Signor Sarasate.
9. Cavatina, "Betty".....Donizetti
Mrs. Charles Moulton.
10. Duo, "Una Sera d'Amore".....Campana
Miss Palmer and Signor Leon.
Grand March.

Mrs. Moulton rendered "Bel Raggio," as we have not heard it before in the concert-room. Her purity and volume of tone, the surpassing finish of her execution, the amazing facility and unexceptionable elegance of her florid passages deserved and gained unmixed admiration. In response to the earnest demand of her auditors, Mrs. Moulton then sang a French *chansonnette*, with an archness and gaiety in admirable contrast with her opening effort. Signor Ronconi was heartily welcomed, and trolled forth the well-worn "Largo al Factotum" with much of his old voice and all of his old humor and fire. In the "Ave Maria," set to meet the best qualities of her voice, Mrs. Moulton again won the hearty suffrage of her public, and the first part ended in quite a blaze of enthusiasm. Signor Pablo Sarasate, of whom we should like to write more fully when more space is at command, proved himself an artist of high rank, and was heartily encouraged. The second part of the entertainment was, as regards plaudits and universal satisfaction, a repetition of the first; and the opinion was generally expressed at the close that Mrs. Moulton had made, in all respects, a great success.

Of all past singers, Mrs. Moulton undoubtedly most recalls the traditions of Malibran. The voice is a mezzo-soprano of exquisite melodiousness, sweet rather than strong, although of strength sufficient, even in an extended range, and producing, when first heard, the kind of strange thrill of admiring exultation wrought by the first glorious bloom of Spring flowers, or the first view of a sublime landscape. What is the secret of this? Simply the revelation of a capacity for passion; a revelation conveyed by the most perfect of musical instruments, whose natural beauty has been brought to the rarest perfection without being hardened and worn away by the educating attritions. It is nonsense to style Mrs. Moulton an amateur. She is already an artist in the fullest sense, since she can not only stand the test of rigid technical examination, but possesses the most splendid gifts that neither experience nor the most elaborate culture and labor can alone confer. Doubtless she may improve upon herself, and we greatly mistake her if she does not feel that she should try. But Mrs. Moulton, as she is, brings far more to delight and to teach into the concert-room than many a singer of long-won repute and extensive following. There are singers in plenty who can "execute;" the rarity is to find a singer whose execution has a soul behind it; and between some of these artists and Mrs. Moulton, there is much the same difference that exists between a musical-box and a sky-lark.

(From the Nation, Oct. 26.)

The first thought that probably came into the minds of many of those who then heard Mrs. Moulton for the first time was in regard to the reposeful character of her art. Whoever looked for startling effects was disappointed. That is not the direction in which nature has endowed her. Her effects are quietly produced, and are the results of purity of voice and perfection of method, and not of any phenomenal range or power. Those who look to be astonished by either wealth of voice or intensity of method will look in vain. Mrs. Moulton's art must be enjoyed by giving one's self up in a quiet spirit to the appreciation of beautiful tones beautifully produced. Every phrase will then be found to be charmingly sung, and every passage, however intricate, perfectly vocalized. Work, however, of such fineness is not of the kind that commands most fully popular applause, and we doubt very much whether Mrs. Moulton will be found to possess the quality of talent that most surely ex-

cites the enthusiasm of the public. Her voice is neither large, nor powerful, nor vibratory, nor of great compass and extent, and her style is not dramatic. There is nothing electric in her singing, nothing vivid in the color that she gives to the music. Her own manner is calm and dispassionate, and she fails to quicken the pulse of her hearers, or to excite any other emotion than that of contentment at the perfection of the art.

We recognize in Mrs. Moulton a voice of delicious softness, rich and warm in its quality—though her singing is not warm—flexible, and under perfect training. She possesses, also, the capacity of singing with *demi-voix* more perfectly than any other person we have ever heard, together with true intonation and personal characteristics that are in her favor. But, on the other hand, her style, though a highly cultivated one, does not seem to us in the highest sense artistic. The art is only truly noble which subdues the personality of the singer to itself, and puts the sentiment of the music first in importance, the vocalism second, the artist last.

We also find Mrs. Moulton, as an artist, lacking in earnestness of purpose. Miss Wynne, a much inferior singer, so far as natural endowments were concerned, through the possession of this quality impresses herself far more strongly upon her audience. Hearing the two singers at the same hall, on consecutive evenings, the difference in effect upon their audiences of their ballad singing could not fail to be remarked. The latter seemed to forget herself, and to desire to impress only her musical thought upon the listeners, the latter to interpose herself between the song and the audience.

Mrs. Moulton is, undoubtedly, a very perfect parlor singer, but her capacities do not seem to have expanded themselves as yet to the limits of the concert-room, and, unless her art deepens and broadens itself, we greatly doubt whether she will meet with those triumphs that her friends have so confidently predicted for her.

Chicago, Pyro-Musically Considered.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

Desperate cases require desperate treatment, is the substance of an old adage; and I trust the present emergency may be sufficient to excuse the verbal new creation which heads this article.

The telegraph and the daily press have harped industriously enough on the terrible calamity which has befallen us; the unfortunate "Phoenix" has been compelled to rise from her ashes a vast number of times within the last three weeks, entirely irrespective of the thousand years grace provided for in the original contract. What I propose to do here is to give a slight glance at the extent of the destruction, correct a few of the more glaring errors of the illustrated papers, and then give a synopsis of the musical situation so far as the smoke allows me.

The extent of the calamity is absolutely inconceivable. A city of about one hundred thousand inhabitants is entirely blotted out. More property is burned than the entire city of Buffalo, and Buffalo is a large city. There are about eighteen miles of streets burned clean in the South Division. Of these, nearly six were built up with buildings that would average a cost of \$1000 a foot, on each side of the street. This alone gives a loss of over \$60,000,000. The other eight miles (for I allow about four miles of crossings) were built over at a cost, I should think, of about \$250 a foot. Making about \$17,000,000 more. This gives about \$90,000,000 as the loss on the South side. On the North side there were burned over something like fifty miles of streets, improved at an average cost of about \$200 a linear foot. Of course some parts were worth much more; but for the whole, taking the vacant lots and the poor districts, I think this is sufficiently high. Here we have a loss of about \$60,000,000. The stocks of goods lost would not exceed \$50,000,000, I think. Total, not over \$200,000,000, or enough to have carried on the late war about three months. I doubt whether the same amount of property was ever before reduced to ashes in so short a time. This estimate of the loss is large enough to satisfy any prudent man who knows the character of the improvements destroyed. Upwards of 17,000 buildings were burned in the North Division. When I was over there Monday morning about nine o'clock,

the fire had just reached Chicago Avenue, except east of Clark st., where it was already along to Division St. Here in a region of frame dwellings for a space of half a mile wide and a mile long, every family was doing the best it could to move out. Expressmen were charging \$100 a load, and were transporting things but a short distance for that. With some difficulty we made our way around north of the fire to the park in front of Unity Church. This is the church with two towers in the same group with the New England church, in *Every Saturday*. The latter church had already burned. The residence between that and Unity was yet intact. The heat of the fire was great there, and presently Unity Church ignited in one of its towers, and soon went with the others. The park in front was stored full of household goods. Robert Collyer managed to save here some of his books. Good man! I saw him next day gathering the remnant of his household goods into a wagon and move them toward a shelter—but where I know not. All that night we watched for the wind to change and sweep the West side. But a merciful Providence spared us that, and so we have left the domiciles of over 200,000 inhabitants.

The artists of *Harper's Weekly* have put it on rather strong in the picture called "The rush over Randolph St. Bridge." The building there represented as burning stands as good as ever; it never was on fire at all, and if it had been, the wind would have carried the flames exactly the opposite direction from that in the picture. So also of the large picture showing a bird's eye view of the fire. The wind blows exactly the wrong way. It came from the southwest, the night of the fire.

Then, too, the writer tells us of Lincoln Park and the prairie becoming a bog by reason of the rain, and of a rain that had fallen a few days before. The fact is, there was scarcely any rain that night, and had been none at all for three weeks before; if there had been, the fire would not have caught so easily. Another tells us of the fire being transported by block pavements. This also is nonsense. The blocks show exactly how that was. They are not burned on the edges, but only charred in the centre, where cinders fell on them. There are miles and miles which are entirely uninjured, and none at all was burned up. The fire *did* communicate by the plank side-walk. Of that there is no doubt; and to-day not a foot of it remains in all the burnt district to tell the tale.

Again, all the writers make great account of the robberies and pillaging. These I believe to be sheer fabrication. I was on patrol several nights, and I know of no instance of the sort, nor could I trace any one to a reliable source. The same is true of incendiarism. There is no evidence of an intentional fire, since that fatal day. The fifty people hung and shot were executed (if they died at all) by "men in buckram." The city has been in a terribly excited state, and any rumor speedily grew.

Of course, in such a time, all selfishness came to the surface. Many manifested a disposition to raise prices of ordinary necessities of which an unlimited supply was within three hours rail, and more than one hundred and fifty rail road trains a day anxious to bring it in. But the first day General Sheridan issued an order which stopped this for the moment, and in one day trade moved on again.

Some men, on the contrary, manifested great kindness. Mr. J. F. Fargo, the author of one or two singing books, had a suite of rooms in the heart of the city. He was interested in the fire some \$20,000. But instead of spending the time in regrets, he turned his attention to assisting his poorer neighbors. Telling them to pack their valuables into as small compass as they could, they soon had several trunks ready, and he set himself to help get them to a place of safety. Happening fortunately to have about two hundred dollars in his pocket-book, he paid out the last cent in procuring transportation for these trunks, of which only one was his. They were finally saved, thanks to his persistent effort.

Mr. T. N. Caulfield had lately come to the city from Washington. His room was in the business part of the town. He assisted others so much as to have his own clothes nearly burned off him. All his personal effects were lost.

Mr. A. J. Creswold, one of our best concert organists, saved not half a toilet, and his wife hardly more. He has gone to St. Louis, I hear.

Personally I was most affected by the losses of Mr. Dudley Buck. He had a very pleasant place, a large brick house with basement, in all some thirteen or fourteen rooms. Adjacent was his music-hall, about 20ft. by 40, containing his beautiful three-manual organ of twenty-two sounding stops, seven composition pedals, and the usual couplers. The fire took this about four o'clock in the morning. Mr. Buck was in Albany that night. But friends were there and fought cinders on the roof until it became apparent that the family must leave. Mrs. Buck accordingly saved three or four trunks of things, and herself and family finally found a place of safety through the kindness of Geo. L. Dunlap, Esq., late of the Northwestern Rail Road. Mr. Buck was organist of St. James church, where he had a new organ (by Johnson) which in all its appointments was the most satisfactory of any instrument in the city. But not a vestige now remains. Mr. Buck lost his valuable house and organ, as well as all his furniture; but worse than that his uncommonly fine library, which was as good a "working library of music" as I ever saw. It embraced a very rich collection of Church Music (including all of the Bach scores published by the Bach and Handel Society of Leipzig) a great deal of organ music, the complete scores of Beethoven, orchestral, vocal, and chamber, a large assortment of the best German works on Theory, Töpfer's valuable work on organ-building, etc., etc. Besides this he had a fine miscellaneous library. So on Wednesday Mr. Buck reached Chicago to find himself without a local habitation, and a poorer man by some \$20,000 than when he left home. But great as the money loss is, I have had experience enough to know that it is the books, and manuscripts, and the organ, that Mr. Buck will miss most. I do not wonder, therefore, that he turned his face toward Boston.

And it is for this that I am particular to mention all these things. During the three years that he has been in this city, he has done more to elevate the tone of the profession than any other man. All the best church organists of the city, except one or two, have taken lessons of him; and every man of them has a higher opinion of Dudley Buck's ability as an organist, than before he was brought close enough to admit of measurement. As a teacher of advanced Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, he had a monopoly in this locality, and in my opinion deserved it. This is the greatest musical loss that the fire brought us.

Our school powers have cut off music from the public schools. Messrs. Whittemore and Blackman have gone, one to St. Louis, the other to Andover, Mass. They are both very superior teachers.

The press fared hardly. To begin at home, the *Musical Independent* lost its mail lists and all its files. It will not be revived until January. The *Song Messenger* saved its books, but its editor, Mr. J. R. Murray, was burned out of his home and compelled to go east on account of sickness in his family. A temporary hand is bringing out the November number. The *Advance*, that noble religious paper, lost every thing but its prestige and mail lists. These were in the safe. So of the *Christian Advocate* and *Standard*. The *Tribune* thought itself secure, but the fire ate out the interior of the rooms. A part of the wall was blown away by the bursting of a Krupp shell, kept in a window as a curiosity. The *Little Corporal* lost with the others. Two new books by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller were destroyed just as the plates were ready for the press.

The music houses lost heavily. Lyon & Healy had a heavy stock. They lost eighty pianos, and all their music and books. Root & Cady estimate a loss of about \$200,000. In it are the plates of three books, the *Charm*, *The Song King*, and the *Curriculum*. Lyon & Healy lost the plates and the first edition of Baumbach's new collection of Sacred Music, as well as all their other plates. Another heavy loser in this line was Mr. J. Butterfield, whose new cantata "Belshazzar" was destroyed.

Mr. W. K. Nixon did a handsome thing. Although a heavy loser by the fire, he owned the only building left intact in the burnt district, a fire-proof building for offices and banks. His schedule of prices was fixed before the fire. But he reduced it ten per cent., and filled his building with tenants who had been burned out, refusing offers of twice and thrice what he asked. It is better to be a gentleman, than rich.

The prospect for music this winter is poor indeed. The Oratorio Society lost their books, including sets of the Messiah, Creation, etc., Hymn of Praise, etc. There is talk of reviving the organization for this winter in two divisions. Who would be director I cannot say, for Mr. Balatka has removed to Milwaukee. About the only man left competent to the place is Mr. J. A. Butterfield.

Signor Dama came here, but the smoke was too strong, and he went back to Boston.

It really seemed sad to lose the beautiful Crosby Opera House. It had been renovated and wonderfully improved at an expense of about \$80,000. I was present at a 'private view' a few days before the fire, and all agreed that it was the most beautiful interior of any theatre in the country. The gold rep used to relieve the crimson upholstery of the proscenium boxes, cost \$20 a yard in gold. The decorations had been carried on under the eye of Mr. Crosby himself, by Mr. Garrison, the gentlemanly and able manager. McVicker's theatre was also newly fitted up this year, at great expense. Farwell Hall was given over to lectures. Theodore Thomas left rather abruptly. He was to have opened the Opera House Monday night. About \$100,000 worth of organs were destroyed by the fire, including three of Hook's, worth \$18,000, three of Johnson's worth \$23,000.—And this is a part of "What I know about Fire."

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Carl Tausig.*

(Continued from page 117).

Public opinion had condemned his experiments severely; more severely he himself condemned his doings when he had come to calmly judge of his musical aspirations so far. He forged the arrows of a vile criticism into a critical file, which all through life he kept and conscientiously applied. What enigmas his art enthusiasm might be unable yet to solve, his studies in speculative philosophy, to which he had been long devoted, and in practical (not theoretical) art-aesthetics, gradually cleared up for him. For many years fame was entirely silent about him. He withdrew to his solitary study, living in different cities at different times. Thus he was kept in some contact with the world and its influences. For some time he would thus live in retirement at Geneva, London, Brussels and other cities; at times he would return to Vienna. Here he formed a warm attachment to Johannes Brahms, whom he most highly esteemed as an eminent composer and as one of the most interesting virtuosi. These intimate relations to Brahms did not change his devotion to Wagner and Liszt. Cruel fate was yet kind enough to him to give him an opportunity of showing his gratitude shortly before his death to the two masters, who had exerted the most lasting influence on his artistic development. In Berlin he met Wagner during the festivities instituted in honor of the latter, and Liszt he visited at Leipzig.

(*Translated for this Journal from the Leipzig Signale)

During the last months of 1865 Carl Tausig, after an absence of seven years, returned to Berlin, to resume the practical activity for which he had so well prepared himself. At first probably intent only on a short visit, the admiration—enthusiasm it may be called—of his hearers, increasing with every concert, caused him to take up his residence in Berlin, to make it his head-quarters for his concert excursions. Undertaken at longer or shorter intervals, far and wide, these became real triumphs. Anton Rubinstein alone was named together with him as a worthy rival. It need not be stated that the "rivals" were connected by mutual regard and hearty admiration of each other's excellent points. The Prussian court, in consequence of his growing fame at home and abroad (in Russia, Holland, &c.), nominated him royal court-pianist; Austria, still more unexpectedly, decorated him with a high order. These temporary concert excursions, carried out with a feverish restlessness that may gradually have undermined his constitution, never too robust, he looked upon as extra work, to secure a livelihood. The greater part of the year was devoted by him with self-sacrificing love to his conservatory for the piano at Berlin for which he engaged as assistants the best artists, such as C. F. Weitzmann, Adolf Jensen, Louis Ehlert, and others. Two days in the week, from morning till night, he devoted himself to these pupils completely, who clung to him with enthusiastic love. Many of them, by their musical excellence, will do credit to their teacher. His artist nature, nervously intent on the most serious cultivation of his art, and utterly averse to all superficiality, would not allow him to give lessons to dilettanti. That seemed to him too much like trade, and would have worn out his sensitive nerves the sooner. The remaining five days of the week he devoted with unremitting zeal to enlarging his repertoire, to further improvement of his playing, though acknowledged by every one as perfect; his ear, growing every moment more refined, guiding him surely to improvements, patent only to him. His ideal, with every degree of improvement, rose one degree higher; and this "Faust"-like trait of character stamps him one of the most imposing artist natures. In the immediate interest of his Conservatory he applied his mind and the sum of practical experiences made during the time of his assiduous studies to editing classical, instructive studies. His edition of Clementi's *Grados ad Parnassum* and of selections from J. Sebastian Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," his concert editions of various works of Scarlatti, Schubert, C. M. von Weber, have been a common property of cultivated pianists, justly taking the place of older and contemporaneous arrangements and editions. They are incontestable proofs of the merits of their author, for the future of the art of piano-playing for all, artists, teachers and students. His ingenious fantasias, full of originality, on Hungarian Gipsy melodies, and the two beautiful Etudes marked opus 1, show that he intended to devote himself to composition again. Sad fate! The longing for original creation, gratified for the first time in this composition, marked opus 1, is the last smile, the last sigh of an artist, whose glowing, poetic fancy never had grown cold, but was restrained in each and every manifestation by the severe self-criticism of his philosophic mind, whenever the final decision of his head was not perfectly harmonious with the inspiration of his soul. This "opus 1" is at the same time a self-condemnation and a proof of the renouncing of former "youthful indiscretions" so called; it promised a rich harvest of golden fruits to the musical world. He little thought that death would so soon arrest him with his brutal halt! on the new path he had struck into; the blade did not feel that its scabbard was used up, consumed. The saying: "la lame a usé le fourreau," if applicable to any artist's death, is applicable to that of Tausig.

(Conclusion next time.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 4, 1871.

The English Ballad Concerts.

Mr. George Dolby's admirable group of English singers,—being each and all of the very best representatives of what there is best in the English school of song,—have more than met the highest expectations of our best Boston audiences. In three concerts (Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings, Oct. 14, 15 and 16) they gave such fresh and rare delight to the most musical persons, as well as to the many, that a like triplet of the same sort of entertainments was ventured a week later; and that it was equally successful shows that the charm was real and will wear. This charm, for the most part, lies in the manner, far more than in the matter of the performances. For nothing short of such a group of artists, good in every point, could reconcile a cultivated music-lover to sitting through anything so tedious and so empty as a whole evening of what are commonly called English Ballads. Indeed the term "ballad" has acquired of late years a new sense, being applied to all sorts of modern sentimental, namby-pamby, imitative, hot-house products of the Balfes, the Wallaces, the Claribels, &c., far oftener than to the real ballads, songs (mostly rhymed narratives) that sprang fresh out of the heart of a simpler age, and have a native flavor, a charm of unaffected quaintness and sincerity, which the concert shop-songs of to day entirely lack. England is the great manufactory and mart of this kind of song, the peculiar home of the common place in sentimental melody; and English publics thrive upon such lengths of this dull sort of appetite as would make any other people live in present nightmare and in fear of palsy. In length and in monotony a London ballad programme is "fearfully and wonderfully made;" its interminable string of would-be tender and pathetic songs all have the same cloying family resemblance that we find in the timbre of the various Sax instruments that render all our brass bands so expressive of satiety, especially when they sentimentalize, as trumpets emasculated into cornets are so much inclined to do; and, worse yet, all such songs are calculated for encores, so that the sitter-through must swallow one "square meal" upon the top of another; and singers think they must oblige the spoiled public, which, by insane applause, has first spoiled them, or the like of them, in whose footsteps they follow.

The only real fault we have heard found with the Dolby Concerts has been with the programmes. But there has been enough of what is good and classical in them to give the noble singers worthy opportunity, each more than once; and all of them have done their part so well, that this complaint gives way to wonder how it is possible for such intelligent, refined, true artists to spend their art on so much most indifferent music; it is wasting the "precious ointment" upon common heads. Of course some of these six programmes were better than others; the two on Sunday evenings, particularly the second one, contained music that was worth the while and worthy of such interpreters. The poorest programme was the last, where Bishop, Wallace, Balfé, Arditi, &c., followed in close succession, and each song was supplemented by an encore piece of the same description, even to "The heart bowed down,"—strange theme for the grand voice and style of Mr. Santley!

—But now to a more pleasant theme for us—the artists themselves. More perfect elements, whether for quartet or for solo singing, we have seldom if ever known to be brought together. In all the concerted pieces the unity was complete; the voices blended as from inmost sympathy and a fine common understanding, each losing itself in the whole, while its individuality was all the more palpably felt and

as it were consecrated by the harmony, without which it would be imperfectly itself. Fine intelligence and the most conscientious, patient preparation and rehearsal were evident in every smallest effort of this kind. Such thoroughness should be a lesson to our singers. The perfect concert manners, or deportment of the whole troupe, too, was refreshing, and should do good here as a model. Quiet, dignified, respectful to their task and to their audience they all were, indulging in no tricks of vanity and no undue familiarity. The Quartets were mostly sung by Miss EDITH WYNNE, Madame PATEY, Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, and Mr. J. G. PATEY,—the latter gentleman doing more effective service as a solid, well-trained basso in the quartets, than in the few solos which he sang, though his rendering of Handel's "Tears, such as tender fathers shed," and "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plains," was unexceptionable. Mr. SANTLEY took part in two Quintets: the *Sanctus* from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, which was most exquisitely sang, and a Madrigal by Festa: "Down in a flowery vale," a quaint and interesting specimen of the Italian madrigal composers of the 16th century; also in a Trio: "When the wind blows," by Bishop. Other Quartets, more or less interesting themselves, all gem-like in the purity of execution, were "The Shepherd's Sabbath-day," by Hatton; "God is a Spirit," from *The Woman of Samaria* (Bennett); "Honor and Glory," from Costa's *Naaman*; Mendelssohn's part-song: "Resting place;" the Glees: "Here in cool Grot" (Lord Mornington), "Sleep, gentle Lady" (Bishop), "There is beauty on the mountain" (Goss), "See the Chariot" (Horsley), "Where the bee sucks" (Dr. Arne and Jackson), and Hatton's "When evening's twilight."

The Soprano of the troupe, Miss EDITH WYNNE, though less demonstrative and sharing less public notice than others of the party, did win our admiration more and more, not only by her sweet, true, even voice,—of a veiled quality, but charming,—her facile, free and finished execution, her thoroughly artistic style and faultless, genuine expression, but by the self-forgetting, conscientious way in which she made the true expression of the music the one aim and motive of her whole performance. There was no prima donna egotism to be seen about it; her song is a sincere service, a devotion, it would seem, to the Ideal, and like a "still, small voice" it steals directly to the heart. She is one of the sweetest, purest, most refined, most musical interpreters both of the simple ballad and of more artistic forms of composition. In the part-singing nothing could add a finer grace, or gild the whole with softer, light, than her most flexible, sweet voice, thridding the mazy passages so deftly and with such instinct of proportion in the florid passages. Nor do you feel any inadequacy of power where majesty or pathos are required, although the voice is one of slender volume, nor any lack of brilliancy or sweetness in the upper tones. Her rendering of Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, of a Recitative and Air from Arthur Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," of Schubert's *Ave Maria*, was exquisitely chaste and finished, but in no sense overdone. This artist seems to have kept herself unstained of the world, i.e., above the influence of applauding publics. The joy and rapture of Bach's "My heart ever faithful" lost something by the too slow time in which she took it; the steadfast, fervent, serious faith was there, but not not the almost merri-ness of healthy piety which Bach gives vent to in that sunshiny song. Of the modern "ballad" kind Miss Wynne sang, (always to a charm so far as the composition would allow) "Oh! bid your faithful Ariel fly" (T. Linley); "Marjorie's Almanack" (Mme. Sainton Dolby); "Tell me, my heart" (Bishop); "Will he come?" (Sullivan); "Should he upbraid?" (Bishop); "The old Cottage Clock" (Molloy)—they had struck the "old clock" and "old arm-chair" vein in that last programme, and worked

it liberally in the encores,—and others in response to recalls. Among the most delightful of the old English favorites of thirty years ago were the Duets: "As it fell upon a day," and "I know a bank," as here sung with consummate grace by Miss Wynne and Mme. Patey. For once, at least, one can find pleasure in such old songs so sung.

Madame PATEY unites with a fine presence, and face full of generous, sometimes inspired expression, one of the richest, largest and most evenly developed contralto voices we have ever heard. She, too, is an artist, with a deal of simple pathos in her song. Of homely ballads she is one of the very best interpreters. If she have any fault, it is that of occasionally—not very often—overdoing in the matter of expression. But this we charge not so much to the singer, as to the ballad style itself; for ballads brought before a public audience put the singer in a somewhat false position; ballads belong to home and quiet twilight hours; they inevitably become overdone before great publics; the very traits in the delivery which are the least true and simple are the most applauded, and singers (all but the greatest) follow where applause leads. A ballad hardly seems itself in a great concert room; in braving the exposure it is pretty sure to take on false airs. Nor was the fine ballad singing of Mme. Patey always an exception to the rule. Tom Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," for instance, was all simple and perfect till the last phrase, when the concert trick came,—the voice descended into three or four astonishingly strong deep tones; this was encored, and repeated in the same way, only "more so." But the false conventionalisms of the English concert-room affect the simple, noble, large and heartfelt singing of this lady in a slight degree compared with most. Her's is whole-souled singing, and she is mistress of her art in a high sense. In "Auld Robin Gray," "Little Nell" (Linley), "Lillie's Good Night" (Philp), "Sweet and Low" (Wallace), and the old English ditty: "Come lasses and lads," &c., &c., she seized whatever life and individuality there might be in each song. Of her sacred selections, that in which we enjoyed her most was Handel's "What though I trace," from *Solomon*. Gounod's song: "There is a green hill far away" seemed "sacred" rather in the sentimental-fecble sense; but both that and Costa's "I dreamt I was in heaven" were beautifully sung. In Rossini's "O salutaris hostia" and in the "Quis est Homo," with Miss Wynne, there was a wealth of feeling and of beauty in her tones.

Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, who won the sympathies of the most musical part of Boston in the last Oratorio Festival, has renewed the charm of his sweet, delicate, artistically managed tenor voice, and of his highly intellectual, refined and sympathetic rendering of whatever music he may undertake. His delivery of "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her angels" was even more exquisitely pure and touching than before, and was really the gem of the first of the two sacred concerts. "*Cujus animam*" rather tried his power, yet it was finely given. His own setting of Longfellow's "When the hours of day are numbered," was, in his chaste, sincere delivery, a faithful, realizing recitation of the poem, true to its spirit and its every thought,—genuine, if unpretending as a composition. It seemed odd to see and hear the thoughtful looking Cummings in the "old chair" business (song by Balfé). And why, if "Come into the garden, Maud" must be sung, select so flat and commonplace a setting of it as the one by Balfé? Mr. Dresel is a thousand times more worthy of the poem. Mr. Cummings for an old ballad sang "Draw the sword, Scotland," and also divers songs by Braham, Bishop, &c.

And now of the world famous basso, Mr. SANTLEY. Nothing more satisfactory, in voice, or method, or artistic rendering, has been vouchsafed us here by bass or baritone. The solid, yeoman look and bear-

ing of the man,—frank, simple, quiet, dignified, impressive,—gave assurance which was more than fully confirmed. His organ is indeed a rare and glorious one. In quality (or *timbre*) it is baritone, but its great range includes deep, ponderous bass tones, and it ascends with ease and scarcely any diminution of volume, and without break anywhere, into warm, golden heights of tenor. The whole is of a rich, full diapason quality, rolling forth in free, generous organ tones as from an exhaustless source. The proper bass tones are, to be sure, a little harder than the rest, suggestive of the deep reed stops of an organ. His method is so perfect, or so natural, that you perceive no method: the *ars celare artem*, if it be art at all, is here consummate. The stamp of artistic honesty and thoroughness is on all he does. It is direct, manly, simple singing, without any *ad captandum* nonsense (beyond that invariable conventionalism of English singers, the holding out of a strong high note upon the final cadence, as if to notify the public that the job is done and you go off with flying colors). A fine intelligence pervades his singing; with a sure instinct he seizes and conveys the point and all the meaning of the song. To hear Santley sing the love song of the Cyclops: "O ruddier than the cherry" in Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, or from the *Alexander's Feast*: "Revenge, Timotheus cries," were worth an evening's time alone. Have we ever heard the Handelian roudades sung with such a happy ease and certainty, all moving on so smoothly and composedly, with never any faltering or giving out of breath, and musical and graceful and alive, as in his rendering of the former? Or any serious *cantabile* more large, or more expressive and imaginative than he gave us in the second (minor) portion of the latter: "These are Grecian ghosts." His "Pro Peccatis" was the grandest, truest we have ever heard; for even Badioli, glorious baritone as he was too, was not unspoiled by audience like most Italian opera heroes.

The opening of Pergolesi's "Sanctum et terrible" was given by Mr. Santley with impressive dignity and grandeur; the Allegro of the piece which follows is hardly worthy of so imposing a beginning. Neukomm's "Confirma hoc Deus" is not a great composition, but it gave opportunity for Santley's grand and stirring declamation. The Offertorium by Dr. Chard (the Oxford professor in 1518?): "The Mass was sung," effective in the solo, was doubly so through the responses as of a cathedral quartet choir within; we never knew such "voices from within" to blend so truly with the principal. Gounod's "Nazareth," and Hatton's descriptive ballad, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," each in its way a striking composition, showed something of the graphic and dramatic power of Santley, which must be more than ordinary. It was a sorry joke to hear such noble powers engaged in the stale ditty of "The heart bowed down;" but his entirely simple, serious, whole-hearted and full-breasted singing of the Dildin sea-song, "Tom Bowline," was ballad singing of the truest and most touching kind.

Will it not be a grand thing when we hear him and all these singers with the Handel and Haydn Society in Oratorio, as we are promised at Thanksgiving in "Elijah" and in "Judas Maccabæus?"

We must not forget to speak of a very important, indeed central member of the Dolby party, the admirable piano accompanist, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER. He is a thorough-bred musician, and no accompaniment could be more precise, more sympathetic, than his. There is a charm of disinterestedness in his coöperation; his whole heart is in the music, and he forgets himself. As a classical solo pianist, too, he gave good proof of his artistic quality. Movements from Beethoven Sonatas, Sonatas without Words by Mendelssohn, &c., were very clearly, finely rendered. Best of all Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations; for Chopin his tempo seemed too rigid and inflexible.

MRS. CHARLES MOULTON, on coming out of the tropical fervors of New York enthusiasm (witness the ecstatic superlatives of the Press, from which we copy the more moderate portion in preceding columns) into what artists have been taught to imagine the cold, critical, east wind atmosphere of Boston, must have been greatly reassured by her reception in the Music Hall on Monday evening. She was in the presence of admiring personal friends, a crowd of them, all eager to admire her more; and there were many more of the most cultivated friends of music, ready, hoping, to admire. The beauty of person and the easy, quiet grace of manner, made an immediate impression, and her *entrée* was the signal for a most cheering demonstration.

We do not undertake, from a first hearing, to settle her position among vocal artists. Artist she is, most certainly;—"mere amateur" on social grounds alone. We find our first

impressions in the main agreeing with the general sense of what we have quoted, particularly from the *Nation*. Her singing is "reposeful," never thrilling. Music seems to be a placid and voluptuous atmosphere with her, where all is elegant and fragrant and delightful; no great roused passions, no deep stirrings of the soul, no yearnings for the Infinite, all more akin to Rossini than to Beethoven; for brilliancy and sparkle withal are not wanting, nor witching *capriccio*. It is the luxury of art, in which a healthy sensuousness, an elasticity of vital spirits is implied.

We could have wished a better programme, for there was little in it from which one could infer a serious direction in her art love and life. Yet doubtless her selections were of the kind suited to her peculiar powers; and we are always grateful for Rossini and need but the smallest Aria of Mozart to make us happy.

What positive qualities were noted? First, undeniably, a most lovely voice; a mezzo soprano of large compass, rich and warm and sympathetic throughout, sometimes suggesting in the downward range the tone-tint of the clarinet, clear and sweet and liquid in the high tones, every note distinctly rounded, with a most even, limpid flow in rapid passages. Not a great voice in power or volume, but one whose music is pervading, satisfying, quite at home in largest concert room as well as the saloon.—Secondly (for good method is implied), consummate execution. This was proved in the florid *Semiramide* music: "Bell raggio," which seemed to sing itself through her; and indeed, as has been said, her execution in *mezzo voce* is a marvel of perfection. Blumenthal's "La Capriccio" afforded further exhibition of rare vocal virtuosity.

Again, of sweet and beautiful *cantabile* she showed herself the mistress by her fine rendering of "Vol che sapete," vague love song of that "budding Don Giovanni," the boy Cherubino. What she might do in large, lofty sacred song, there has been nothing yet to show. The tone with "the tear in it" did sometimes surprise you even amid the flowers of *Semiramide*.

In playful music, as in the duet with Dr. Dulcamara Ferranti, and the "taking" encore ballads, she shows a freedom, and an archness which might ensure success in Comic Opera. So far we dissent from some of the criticisms, and think her much more than a parlor singer; but there is no need to fancy her a Donna Anna or Fidelio.—One of her songs: "Beware, he's fooling thee," was overdone, and seemed to overstep the boundary of true reserve. It showed us how she could prolong a trill, but there was a certain not entirely pleasant suggestion of the Bacchante in the look and action. She must be something of a witch. Is that the meaning of the song? Then it were best unsung. This was the strongest instance of certain points of manner,—the air of familiarity, the ready acceptance of applause, the too evident triumphant consciousness of a magnetic power, which more than once disturbed the pure impression of her art. But that this fascinating lady of society is a Singer, of rare voice and talent, and an artist in the use thereof, no one can doubt who heard her. Cambridge and Boston may be proud of her.

Of the rest of the concert we can only add, that there was a fair orchestra: that Sig. SARASATE confirmed the first impression of his admirable violin-playing; that Mr. WEILL's fingers played an infinite deal of nothing with the usual faultless grace; that Sig. FERRANTI, happy, hearty, jovial Italian, always a child, interested in others quite as much as in himself, sang "Largo al factotum" and his comical "Femmina! femmina!" with all his volubility and rich power of voice, but, in his ready sympathies, led on by laughter and applause, much overdid the drollery thereof.

There will be further opportunity to hear Mrs. Moulton this evening and several times next week.

NEXT. After the long, dreary waste of miscellaneous "popular" programmes, the poverty whereof is not redeemed by even the best of singers, it is refreshing to see right before us concerts in which the musical matter is made of quite as much and even more importance than the manner. The classical programmes will now take their turn. Two series claim attention first:

1. The SYMPHONY CONCERTS begin on Thursday next at three o'clock, P.M. (instead of half-past three as formerly). The Orchestra, conducted by Mr. ZERRAHN, with Mr. EICHBERG as leader of the violins, will play the "Wasserträger" overture, by Cherubini; Schubert's overture (first time in this country) to "Alfonso and Estrella"; the short little gem of an Entr'acte from Schumann's "Manfred" music, which was first introduced last winter; and the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven. Mrs. C. A. BARRY will sing a very noble Concert Aria by Mozart, never before sung here, with accompaniment of orchestra and piano *obbligato* (HUGO LEONHARD); also an Aria from one of Handel's operas: "Con rauco mormorio," and one of the latest songs by

Franz, called "Aprillaunen" (April Homors), both doubtless for the first time in this country—Public Rehearsal on Tuesday, at 2 P.M.

2. The six Trio Matinées of Messrs. LEONHARD and EICHBERG will begin on the following Thursday (16th), at the beautiful Hall of the Mechanics' Charitable Association, corner of Chauncy and Bedford Streets. The programmes are of the very choicest and most happily combined. The first one offers: a Beethoven Trio, Op. 70, No. 1 (LEONHARD, EICHBERG and HARTDEGEN); three Schumann Songs by Mr. KREISSMANN: Bach's great *Chaconne* for Violin (Eichberg), with Schumann's accompaniment; two Songs of Franz; and Schumann's Sonata, Op. 121, for piano and violin.—Beyond, the prospect opens rich as an October sunset, thus:

Nov. 30. Trio by Haydn, No. 7, in A; two of Schumann's three *Romanzen* for Oboe and Piano, Op. 94 (Messrs. Kutzele and Leonhard); Beethoven Sonata, piano and violin, Op. 96; Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 1, and Allegro vivace, Op. 51, by Chopin; Quartet for piano, violin, &c., Op. 47, Schumann, (Leonhard, Eichberg, H. Suck and Hartdegen).

Dec. 14. GADE: Sonata, violin and piano, Op. 21;—SCHUBERT: Songs ("Die liebe Farbe" and "Die böse Farbe"), by Carl Gloggnier Castelli;—BACH: Concerto, D minor, for two violins (Eichberg and H. Suck);—CHOPIN: Ballade, in F;—SCHUMANN: Trio, Op. 63, D minor, (and a magnificent work it is!)

Dec. 21. BEETHOVEN: Trio, C minor, Op. 1, No. 3;—SCHUMANN: "Waldeleben" (9 little piano pieces);—GEMINIANI: Violin Sonata, comp. 1748, (Eichberg);—SCHUMANN: Quintet, Op. 44, for piano, violin, &c.

Jan. 11. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, piano and 'cello, Op. 69, (Leonhard and Hartdegen);—SCHUMANN: Songs from the *Liederkreis*: "Dichterliebe" (Kreissmann);—SCHUBERT: Andante and Allegro for violin and piano, Op. 137, (Eichberg and Leonhard);—HANDEL: Sonata in G minor, and BACH: Siciliano, —both for Oboe and Piano (Kutzele and Leonhard);—SCHUBERT: Trio, Op. 99, in B flat.

Jan. 25. SCHUMANN: Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 105, A minor;—BACH: Song from Christmas Oratorio, with violin obligato (Gloggnier Castelli);—CHOPIN: Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, and Scherzo, Op. 20;—BEETHOVEN: Trio, Op. 70, No. 2, in E flat (Leonhard, Eichberg and A. Suck).

OMISSION AND ERRATA. The article, in our last, on Gilmore's next "Peace" speculation should have been credited to *The Song Journal*, of Detroit.

Hans von Bülow's tribute to the memory of Tausig, in the translation begun in our last number, was carelessly ascribed to the *Neue Zeitschrift*, instead of the *Signale*. It also contained the following errors: 2d line, for "Academy" read Altenburg; 2d column, 20th line from bottom, omit "it was"; 3d column, 9th line, for "Berlin" read Vienna.

THE CHICAGO FIRE, by which Music and musicians were not spared, has restored to us, at least for a time, a valued Correspondent, of late the editor of the *Musical Independent*,—a paper that was like a true mushroom among the scores of toadstools that have kept starting up out of the rank soil of music-trade all over the West and South,—not to speak of nearer home. His letter from the ruins will be read with interest. And we commend particularly to the hospitality of musical Boston the gentleman of whom he speaks so feelingly, perhaps the most accomplished, useful and successful of all American musicians settled in the West, Mr. DUDLEY BUCK, who, having lost his all (house, organ, splendid musical library, &c.), has come to us. Any church here may be glad of such an organist. His reputation also as a teacher and composer has not to be made.

A few last notes of the Nilson Opera are crowded out.

NEW YORK, OCT. 25. The month now drawing to a close has furnished a great deal of music, much bad and much good. I will begin at the beginning.

The Parepa-Rosa English Opera Company opened at the Academy of Music on the 2d, when the "Daughter of the Regiment" was performed. Mme. Rosa has received so much praise, during the past few years, that it is unnecessary to say any thing about her, except that her voice has lost none of its former splendor. The following operas were given during the season, some of them twice: "Don Juan," "Martha," "Maritana," "Bohemian Girl," and "Satanella." The season closed with the best performance of "Trovatore" ever given in New York, Mme. Gazzaniga as Azucena, and Herr Wachtel as Manrico. The audience was the largest ever assembled in a theatre in New York, and the receipts amounted to nearly nine thousand dollars.

Mme. Charles Moulton's debut occurred on the 16th. It caused much comment among the critics, but almost all agreed that her talents had been exaggerated in the newspapers. Her selections at the first concert were Rossini's "Bel Raggio" and Gounod's "Ave Maria." She was assisted by Miss Agnes Palmer, an orchestra under the direction of Signor Bosoni, and Signors Ronconi and Sarasat, a violinist, who played Mendelssohn's Concerto very well.

Mr. Geo. Dolby's Ballad Concerts at Steinway Hall, were very successful, all of them drawing large, but not crowded audiences.

Mlle. Nilsson made her New York debut in opera on Monday evening. It is needless to say that her success was immense. The opera was "Lucia." "Faust" will be sung to-night, when M. Victor Capoul will make his debut.

There was a large number of concerts given for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers. The best was that of the "Liederkrans Society" on Saturday.

Most of the musical societies have announced their campaigns. The Mendelssohn Union was first in the field. They gave the "Messiah" last night with Mme. Parepa-Rosa.

Next comes the Harmonic, which will open its season on the 31st, with a performance of "Elijah."

The services of the Dolby quartet have been secured, for the entire season. Dr. Pech has worked hard with the chorus, (numbering some three hundred), a rehearsal having been held every week since last June, and much may be expected.

The Church Music Association commenced the rehearsals for the third season last Thursday evening at Trinity Chapel. The date for the first concert is not yet settled, but it will take place in December. The Mass is a simple one by Haydn, (No. 2,) and besides this Beethoven's Mass in D [?] and a new Mass by Schubert will be given.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society give their first rehearsal for the 14th season, this afternoon. The pieces to be played are Beethoven's B flat symphony, Mendelssohn's "Melusine" overture and Wagner's introduction to "Lohengrin." Miss Kellogg is to be the soloist for the first concert. The orchestra will consist, as usual, of sixty performers, under the direction of Carl Bergmann.

The New York Philharmonic Society (30th season) will commence with the first rehearsal on Nov. 17th. The first concert is Dec. 2d. No announcements have yet been made as to the programmes or soloists.

The society seems to be in as great favor as ever. The sale of reserved seats commenced on the 17th, and every thing was taken in an hour, and many people disappointed. The concerts will take place as usual, in the Academy, the worst building for a concert in New York.

Dr. Damrosch is to give a series of Sunday concerts at Steinway Hall during the winter. There will be one every Sunday, commencing Nov. 5th.

They will be mostly orchestral. He promises that "the programmes will be selected with care, and represent the classical as well as popular works of the great masters." The orchestra will number fifty well trained performers. W.

Orpheon Free Vocal School as an Antidote to Rowdyism.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO THE CLERGY.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

Many and various have been the means proposed for the amelioration of the middle classes. Free reading-rooms, free evening grammar-schools, free churches, and free libraries have all been tried, together with numerous side shows like the Cooper Institute free lectures, Young Men's Christian Association's (almost) free concerts, their social gatherings; also free baths and free Sunday-school excursions from time to time, gotten up by Christian professors to bring young people of both sexes together, with a hope of their subsequent "conversion" to piety, mysteriously super-induced by ice-cream, lemonade and the round dances. In fact, if I am not mistaken, every possible religious and non religious agent has been called upon, and exercised by organized forces to effect the desired "moral elevation" of the said classes, excepting only the agent of music. I do not mean listening to music, but the exercise of producing it.

It has long been a matter of surprise to me that in view of the almost universal susceptibility of the working classes to vocal instruction, the enjoyability and exhilaration of this simple exercise—choral singing—and the extreme economy of choral schools when compared with other schools of whatever kind, none of our many philanthropists have yet been known to suggest such a thing as the foundation of rudimentary vocal schools, to occupy our working population from supper time to bed time, and to keep them out of the haunts of dissipation during the hours which would otherwise be devoted to preparation for the Tombs or the Penitentiary.

Our upper classes visit Europe, and on returning can go into ecstasies over the singing festivals at Cologne and Düsseldorf, or at London, Manchester and Birmingham; but the possibility of such grand performances in their own country never seems to enter their heads. Our ecclesiastical enthusiasts uniformly confess their delight at hearing the colossal chorus of eight thousand charity children under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the boy choirs of English churches, and the *alla capella* choirs of St. Petersburg; but when asked why church influence should not be exerted to the same end here, these "liberal" worthies shake their incredulous heads and generally give the very sensible (?) reason that "what never has been done (in America) never can be done!"

I beg to enter an earnest protest against an inactivity relating to music wholly inconsistent with the spirit of the age, and unworthy of our enterprising community. Nor have I yet heard of one solitary good reason why the same refining art should not be made subservient to the same noble services in our own country as it is abroad. On suggesting such a possibility to influential persons here, I have usually been met with the reply that "merely to start the training-schools would require vast amounts of money."

As a rejoinder to this, I can testify to the fact that the Orpheon Free Schools which I founded ten years ago have not cost over \$2,000 per annum, while, with my very limited resources, over six thousand persons have since then received vocal rudimentary notation instruction in them.

I, therefore, beg to call the attention, especially of the Christian public, to these facts, and if there be any clergyman, evangelical or otherwise, who is open to conviction on this point, and will place his Sunday school rooms at the disposal of myself and colleagues (rent free), once a week, I will open and maintain free singing schools for the masses in all such rooms, and shall ask no money from church or city for the expenses. I make this offer in no idle or vainglorious spirit. Any true reformer would gladly sink "self" if his object could thereby be attained; but in a time like the present, and in a city like ours, individuality cannot be lost sight of, and some one must take the lead.

I adjure all true thinkers among the more advanced in civilization of our reverend fathers to consider this offer, as it is certainly the first of the kind they have ever had, and may be the last they will receive. I shall be most happy to accept enlightenment on this subject from any documents addressed 711 Broadway.

Respectfully,

JEROME HOPKINS.
NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1871.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Father of Life and Light. Quartet. 3. Eb to G. Deems. 50
Benedictus. Blessed be the Lord. Quartet. 3. F to G. A. M. P. 35
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Two fine sacred quartets, and a sacred song, all pretty and effective.

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Delicate, dance-like and very pleasing.

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Capital. Audiences Clam-orous with laughter over it.

Come sing to me, Addie, again. Song and Cho. 3. Bb to f. Huntley. 30

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Nell the Village Pride. Guitar, Song and Cho. 3. A to f. Morris. 30

Naught so Bright on Earth. Song and Cho. 2. Bb to e. Turner. 30

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Six Popular Ballads. Not a poor one among them!

O, Raddier than the Cherry. 5. Ab to f. Handel. 40
From "Aida and Galatas," and now made prominent by Mr. Santley's fine rendering
"O, ruddier than the Cherry,
O, sweeter than the berry."

Long white Seam. 4. A to f. Ward. 30

The Snow lies white. 3. F to f. Sullivan. 40
Two charming poems by Jean Ingelow, set to very appropriate music, charmingly interpreting the delicate sentiment.

In Childhood with Crown and with Sceptre. 3. Eb to f. Lortzing. 30

A new edition of the gem song of "Czar und Zimmermann," which has a beauty that does not grow old.

The Anchor's weighed. 3. G to e. Brahm. 30
Admirably fits a smooth, manly voice.

Lillie's Good-night. 3. F to d. Philp. 35
"One kiss, dear Mother, for the love
My heart keeps warm for thee."

A sweet child's song, with nothing wishy-washy in it.

Instrumental.

Heart's Delight Schottische. 3. F. Bissell. 35
Heartily commended. It is very delicate and musical, and also quite spirited, so as to merit its other title: "Pas de deux."

Agnetha Waltz. 3. F. Knight. 30
Shows marked talent in the composer. Is bold, bright, brilliant, varied and powerful.

Oofty Gooft Galop. 3. G. Quencher. 30
Has a quaint melody, as it ought to have with such a title, but is wide awake, and includes the novelty of a *Corset obligato* movement.

Good Morning Galop. 3. F. Barrett. 30
Spirited.

Remembrance of Paris. Waltzes. 4. Parlow. 75
Remembrance by a German, of course. The waltzes have a character of fullness and richness.

Mignon Waltz. 3. Godfrey. 40
Arrangement of Airs from Thomas's opera, "Mignon," and are quite pleasing.

Books.

NATIONAL CHORUS BOOK. Price \$1.50
This is a worthy successor to the "Chorus Wreath," whose choruses have been used very extensively in Conventions, Societies, and "Jubilees." There are both sacred and secular pieces.

THE ORPHEON. By W. O. Perkins, and A. R. Hallet. Price \$1.00
A new School Song Book, meant by the authors for Boys' Schools and Colleges, but fits exceedingly well in the Upper Classes of Grammar Schools. Much of the music is in three parts, 1st, 2d and Bass, and is very well chosen, and the whole forms a most pleasing collection.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

